

# ( 3 ) The Kingis Complaint

With haue hart on Snadoun hill,  
The young King I hard schoutand still  
With reuthfull raie he did recorde:  
Prayand as I haif writ this bill  
Judge and Reuenge my cause O Lord.

The sayis this causles I not crail,  
For he is now gone to his graff  
My commoun weill that maist decorde,  
As merwell albeit my hart clail  
For sorow of his deith O Lord.

Hard is my chance all tyme and houris  
And harder to my Gouvernouris,  
Ze hardest (bot wo am I forde)  
To him hes seit of deith the schouris,  
And only for thy cause O Lord.

Quhen I was not yett ane yett auld,  
Bothwell that bludy Bouchour bauld,  
My father cruelly deuorde,  
He him betrayit and his blude sauld,  
Judge and Reuenge my cause O Lord.

Chan father slaine, Mother was schelt  
My Gudschir semit Incontinent,  
My self to poploun it was schoide,  
He to betray was summis Intent  
Judge and Reuenge my cause O Lord.

Chan by thow raskt to reule my King,  
In to my tender zettis ring,  
My faithfull freind that maid him soide,  
James Regent my Uncle ding,  
Judge and Reuenge my cause O Lord.

He was my Buckler and my bield,  
He was my Targe, my speir and scheild,  
My fait maist he for to restorde:  
He fukkit euer maist the feild,  
Judge and Reuenge his cause O Lord.

For me he left syn, freind and wyfe,  
For me he sufferit daylie tryfe,  
For me he was haill Indeuorde,  
For me now he hes lost his lyfe,  
Judge and Reuenge his cause O Lord.

For me that Robill of Renoun,  
With ane Tyke Tratour Hammiltoun,  
Was schot, and throw the body boide,  
For the mantening of my Crowne  
Judge and Reuenge his cause O Lord.

Deloure thow peist him, gais ye peace,  
Tratoure to him that gais the grace,  
Behind his bak thy Gunne him gade:  
Quhome thow noz nane of thyn face,  
Judge and Reuenge his cause O Lord.

Lord sen my gracious gyde is gone,  
And I am left as Wyd allone,  
This thing maist eirnis I Imploide:  
That Instantly thow set by one  
For to Reuenge his cause O Lord.

Sen for my sake he is slane,  
Lord for thy grace gais agane,  
That deith my lyfe new deuorde,  
Quhill that fals tressonabill trane  
Be with my hand Reuengd O Lord.

O Scotland thy Jostis trettis,  
That first Idolatrie owerthrettis  
He was, and Chyfts crew hark restorde,  
Thow him in my Reame grace ay grew,  
Judge and Reuenge his cause O Lord.

The Abrahams faith but feir profess,  
He Dauidis mercy manifest  
With Salomonis wit he was decorde,  
Samsonis strength to him accrest  
Judge and Reuenge his cause O Lord.

Theif and Rener he was dant,  
Justice and better he was want,  
Quhair thair was mys he art remorde,  
My faithfull seruand and my saunt,  
Judge and Reuenge his cause O Lord.

As his Renoun is all overblawin,  
And now his deith plainy forthcha win,  
Sa fall all blythnes be abhainde  
Quhill his Reuenge be all awa kin,  
Thow thy help and support O Lord.

All ze my trew Robillie,  
That fauourit him, and seruit me,  
Lat not his duillfull deith besmoide,  
Bot it Reuenge maist cruellie  
For it is the will of the Lord.

And quha his deith dois sair regaird,  
And it to punis will not spare  
I twow to the in quhome he boide,  
Thay fall not mys ane richt reward  
For to Reuenge his cause O Lord.

How salt apper in mark and nature,  
Quha is the trew man, quha is the trature  
Quha fittis the feild, quha fittis not soide,  
The trew liege be the Ruler  
In this cause salbe kend O Lord.

And think that thay that did this deid,  
With lyke effect dois seik my heid,  
For to be beatin downe and smorde  
All faithfull hartis quyte thair meid,  
And thow Reuenge my cause O Lord.

For surely thair will and Intent,  
That seikis of me the Government,  
Be fraudfull factiouris, I stand soide,  
Wald me sofsault in Parliament,  
Gif thow withstude thame not O Lord.

My Coronation thay deny,  
And dois maist hytefully deny  
All thame that faithfully restorde,  
He to my Crowne and Reigne  
Thy wichtie hand requyte thame O Lord.

Lat Lord now him of me care,  
And in quha's hand I think me lair,  
Thy puissant power I Imploide,  
That he with me lang dayis Indure  
For to Reuenge his cause O Lord.

With this the Babe he gais ane raie,  
Quhill maist my hart to sich sa lair,  
That farther I could not recorde,  
Bot with him ill cry euer maist,  
Judge and Reuenge his cause O Lord.

C L A S S